UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Frederick Starr
1858 - 1933
By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Song of Revolt
By ROBERT WHITAKER

Snap-Shots of Russia
By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Gandhi and the Empire
By HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR

VOLUME CXII NUMBER 1

Chicago, September 4, 1933

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June — *Subscription $3.00*
Published Bi-Weekly July to September — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter July 30, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* — CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

Page

EDITORIAL—
Notes 4
Frederick Starr—1858-1933—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 6

ARTICLES—
Snap-Shots of Russia—I. CLARENCE R. SKINNER 7
Gandhi and the Empire—HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR 10

POETRY—
A Song of Revolt—ROBERT WHITAKER 3
Two Men on Golgotha—KENNETH W. PORTER 9
Enigma—MARY S. FITZGERALD 9

THE STUDY TABLE—
Two Books on Russia—J. B. MATTHEWS 12
Jesus Today—WALDEMAR W. ARGOW 14

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Child Problem—R. J. WESTLAKE 14
Religious Toleration in America—WILLIAM H. PRICE 15
Mrs. Roosevelt and Publicity—META LILIENTHAL 15
Keep UNITY a Weekly—SYDNEY STRONG 15

THE FIELD—
Mark Twain on Prices and Wages—*C. E. Smith* 2

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Mark Twain on Prices and Wages

Editorial Note: President Roosevelt is solving our economic problem by raising prices and wages. A correspondent of the New York *Times* reminds us of some classic comment upon this policy:

You will remember that the Connecticut Yankee was a mechanic in an arms factory at Hartford in the Eighties, that he was hit on the head by a crowbar and regained his consciousness in the time of King Arthur in the year 528. He was captured and taken to King Arthur's Court, where he heard the knights and ladies of the Round Table tell their stories.

After the Connecticut Yankee became King Arthur's political boss they traveled incognito into a neighboring kingdom and the following conversation took place between the Connecticut Yankee and a blacksmith concerning the low wages, low prices and free trade in King Arthur's realm, and the high wages, high prices and high tariffs in the neighboring realm. The blacksmith, Dowley, opened the conversation:

"In your country, brother, what is the wage of a master bailiff, master hind, carter, shepherd, swineherd?"

"Twenty-five milrays a day; that is to say, a quarter of a cent."

The smith's face beamed with joy. He said:

"With us they are allowed the double of it! And what may a mechanic get—carpenter, dauber, mason, painter, blacksmith, wheelwright, and the like?"

"On the average, 50 milrays; half a cent a day."

"Ho-ho! With us they are allowed a hundred! With us any good mechanic is allowed a cent a day! I count out the tailor, but not the others—they are all allowed a cent a day, and in driving times they get more—yes, up to 110 and even 115 milrays a day. I've paid 115 myself within the week. 'Rah for protection—to Sheol with free trade!"

And his face shone upon the company like a sunburst. But I didn't scare at all.

(*Continued on page* 15)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1933 Number 1

A SONG OF REVOLT*

Have I not seen them often in my vision
When night enfolds me, and I dream, awake?
Have I not felt, sharper than the incision
Of quickest flesh, my brothers, sisters, break
In agonies that language never spake?
Until the heart within me failed me quite,
And night grew seven-fold somberer than night.

Have I not journeyed, needless of all motion
Save light—surpassing transference of thought,
Searched every land, and traversed every ocean
Wherever man with man has ever wrought?
Wherever human travail went for naught?
My heart one with all grief of humankind
Since ever grief grew mightier with mind.

Have I not bowed, in uttermost prostration
Before the Silence at the heart of all,
Forswearing this drab thing of man's relation
The civilized are weaving as their pall,
This Culture that enshrouds the sanguine stall
Wherein humanity awaits the knife
That long has reddened with the common life?

Have I not waited—waited——waited———waited
Upon the good to make their goodness good?
To see them only all the fuller sated,
On richer couches, with yet richer food?
Giving their verbal crusts of brotherhood
Hardly the dogs would take, if sandwiched so
With violence that only humans know.

Coming! you say? the new creation coming
With their consent who fatten on the old?
As softly, sweetly as some fair maid's strumming,
Upon her harp, the dreams by lovers told?
Coming! the resignation of their gold,
And power, more dear than gold, who never yet
Had wisdom to remember—or forget?

Go! tell the workers of the world! and tell them
For every ounce repentant Mammon yields,
By this repentance Mammon's henchmen sell them,
The smoke-screen lies the thicker on their fields,
Where corporate titles tighten, and congeals
The molten iron of that frenzied will,
In every nation, to survive—and kill.

Tell them! and while you tell them bid them smother
The warning rumblings of the distant guns;
Tell them, undisciplined, to save each other
By bits of paper, through quadrennial suns;
With hooded faces, like obeisant nuns,
Waiting upon their knees some grace from heaven
To die content with whatsoever given.

Was it so that the ancient worthies battled
Against the tyrannies of kings and lords?
Were they who won, like kine, serenely cattled
And fed in booths on dietings of words?
Was it so that they loosened then the cords
Of power and privilege, and commanded thus
The measure of their witnessing to us?

What is this peace the partial-mongers proffer
That we should choose their compromising ways?
Is it for the oppressed, indeed, they offer
Their calm consent to dilatory days?
For others, or themselves, their counsel stays
Decision now, and action to the end
Against the wrongs they dare not quite defend?

The hour grows late! too late, with every minute
Men tarry in the struggle with the strong;
And larger yet the price they pay who win it
For every breath of dalliance with the wrong:
The Eternal Now is ever with the gong
That calls men from their battlements of fear
To make their calling and election clear.

Robert Whitaker.

---

*NOTE: May I offer to my friends who have inquired of me how I can accept the Communist position, with my opposition to war, the poem which is published above. Better than any argument I might present, these lines will convey the essence of my feeling, and the reasoning which has brought me to the conclusion that there is no slightest probability the social change is coming by way of either the rational and moral appeal, or as an outcome of legislation on gradualist lines. The fact is that I have held these positions for years, and although I went to jail as a protest against war, in 1918, and would go again if need be, yet at no time have I been persuaded that such testimony will stop war, or avail to transform the conditions out of which war inevitably proceeds. I am not offering this, however, as argument, so much as a confession of the faith to which I have come. Possibly at another time, and in connection with certain studies I want to present, I may go into the matter more at length, and deal with the consistency of such positions with the loyalty to world peace which is mine. It is enough to say here that I do not think there is any such thing as a choice between non-violence and violence, inasmuch as we are living in a status of violence from which there is no withdrawal until power is transferred from the protection of special privilege, its function now, to the conservation, in the common hands, of the common good.

Los Gatos, California. R. W.

Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach, late editor of the *Christian Register,* which he served with distinction for more than fifteen years, has accepted invitation to join the editorial staff of UNITY. We welcome this eminent and zealous colleague to the fellowship of this paper, and congratulate our subscribers and friends upon his coming. Dr. Dieffenbach's editorship of the century-old Unitarian magazine was an event in the history of religious journalism. On his retirement, we said in this place that he had "made the *Christian Register* an influence in the land. A purely parochial paper, he made it by the personal power of his leadership a national organ—heeded and heard, and that is the final journalistic test." It is interesting to note that just at this time, within a few months of his retirement from the *Register,* Dr. Dieffenbach is joining the staff of the Boston *Transcript,* to open and direct a new weekly department in that paper to be known as "Religion Today." At this same time he is joining UNITY, to share with us the brilliancy of his pen, the vigor of his mind, the courage of his heart. Dr. Dieffenbach graduated from Johns Hopkins in 1898, and entered the ministry of the Reformed Church in 1901. His service to this denomination was made notable by his pastorate in Pittsburgh, at the Reformed Church of the Ascension, from 1902 to 1911. In this same year (1911) he became a Unitarian, and was promptly summoned to the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church in Hartford, Connecticut. It was from this important post that he was called to the editorship of the *Christian Register* in 1918. He is now minister of the Unitarian church in Newton Center, Massachusetts.

One has only to scan the newspapers these days to comprehend the stupendous magnitude of what is going forward in this country—we trust to some measure of success in conquering the depression. No such vast undertaking of industrial planning has ever been attempted in the world outside of Russia. No such sweeping alteration of industrial standards in terms of shorter hours, higher wages, unionization of labor, abolition of child labor, etc., has ever been achieved in any country. If the campaign accomplishes even a small part of what has been contemplated, it will be an event of the first order in history. Let it not be supposed, however, that any radical or fundamental reform is being attained. The Roosevelt administration is not moving a single step outside or beyond the borders of capitalism, save as the system itself is being placed under the control of government to the end of eliminating the disastrous social consequences of unrestrained competition. What we are establishing, as we have repeatedly pointed out in these columns, is a modified form of State Capitalism. The test of the whole business is the central motive force at work. This is not primarily the protection of the public, or the raising of the conditions of labor, or even the increase of purchasing power. These things are merely incidental to what is really at work—namely, *the guaranteeing of private profits to producers.* This fact defines the process, which is capitalism—capitalism restrained, controlled, directed, but still capitalism. It also reveals the menace of failure which may be involved in the stupendous undertaking. "If increasing the buying power of the worker," says the editor of the *Christian Leader,* "that the returns to business may be increased is the mainspring of our industrial recovery, the attempt isn't worth the effort it costs." We agree! This recognition, even sanctification, of the profit motive means that the old system is being put on its feet again. It also means that success can only lead to new and final disaster, unless the administration sweeps straight on into Socialism. We have entered a road which must be followed through to the end if we are permanently to gain anything.

UNITY was almost alone among American papers, daily and weekly alike, in refusing to take seriously the much-tooted Four Power Pact. The moment this document was signed, we were solemnly told that it insured peace in Europe for the next ten years—and all the press of the world affirmed, Amen. But we could not see it so! In the first place, the pact was just such a treaty as had played ducks and drakes with Europe ever since the close of the Franco-Prussian War—its perfect model was the famous Triple Alliance, which created in turn the Triple Entente. In the second place, the pact was the work of Mussolini, and, in spite of Hitler and all his deeds, we have not yet got to the point of trusting the Italian dictator in matters pertaining to progress toward internationalism. In the third place, the pact was joined with the Nazis, and we have no faith in any agreement which makes terms with these barbarians. A first condition of any peace in Europe is the outlawing of the National Socialists of Germany and all their works! Just how much the pact meant, even as an alliance, not to speak of peace at all, is shown by the prompt break-up of the solemn agreement in the face of the Austro-German crisis. In these few weeks following the signing of the pact, Germany had altogether pulled free from her so-called allies, and was proceeding to pursue her own violent nationalistic purposes. Faced by the challenge to restrain their mad colleague, Italy, France and Britain found it quite impossible to act together, with the result that these nations went also their several and separate ways. In less than ninety days, in other words, the Four Power Pact exploded; and Hitler, as shrewd as he is cruel, had no difficulty in lining up Italy *against* Britain and France. The net result of the whole business is a Europe more discordant and disturbed than ever, with Mussolini and Hitler moving steadily toward that open, or secret, Fascist alliance which will eventually defy the world. And meanwhile our fatuous

press and pulpit, Pollyannas to the end, go right on extracting sunshine out of sour and rotten cucumbers!

Hitler has devoured Germany, and all that is in Germany. He has swallowed the political parties, eaten up the colleges, masticated and digested the churches, spewed out the Jews and pacifists. The Reich is his, not because he made it, but because he has seized and absorbed it. With so complete a job done in so short a space of time *inside* Germany, what is going to happen *outside* Germany? Austria is at the moment the center of interest on this question. Hitler obviously proposes to handle this country as effectively as he handled his own. As it happens the little republic is headed by a little chancellor who is as determined to protect his nation as the Nazis are to capture it. Just now this chancellor has the upper hand. With amazing vigor and courage, he has flung back Hitler's challenge into his teeth; and with delightful irony, has handed out to the Austrian Nazis the same kind of treatment that their German brethren have so cruelly imposed upon their own minority groups. That Austria can permanently succeed, however, in maintaining her independence against German attack seems to us highly doubtful. What we seem to see at present is a gallant little bird pecking bravely and desperately at a huge serpent. The snake is confused and sulky, but it will bide its time and at some dreadful moment strike. Then the *Anschluss* will become an accomplished fact; and France, which forbade it by friendly agreement some years ago, will now see it done by force and violence. What will happen after Austria is devoured is not yet disclosed, but Czecho-Slovakia would seem to be the next item on the bill of fare. All in all, the Allied Powers must think that they have done a fine job in raising up this spectre of destruction at the heart of Europe. When was there ever a truer and more terrible illustration of the scriptural word, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

There's little enough to be amused at these anxious days, but one such thing certainly is the complete success of the great masses of mankind in being absorbed in anything and everything *except* the terrific social crisis in which at the moment every man Jack of us, and our last penny as well, are involved. Hugh Walpole writes from England (*Herald-Tribune "Books,"* August 6th last) that "the thoughts of the English world are turned entirely toward Sport and Economics." Sport undoubtedly!—but is the interest in economics anything more than an illusion? In this country, for example, we are told that "interest in economics is now intense." But the *Nation* (August 9th) caustically quotes the best-seller non-fiction list as compiled from the book-stores of seventy cities by the *Publisher's Weekly,* and points out that among a total of twenty books, including biographies, adventure tales, contract bridge manuals, and Powys's "Philosophy of Solitude," there appears only one book of economics, and that this, in spite of the magic name of the author, Prof. Tugwell, is *seventeenth* on the list. During this present summer, we have been vacationing in the region served by the Boston newspapers, and can testify that a daily examination of these sheets would seem to indicate that the populace in this part of the country is interested in two things—the Costello murder mystery, and baseball. To these there might be added a third—namely, the exploits of our stunt trans-Atlantic flyers which still gobble the prize space on the front-page. Unnumbered myriads of men and women stood for hours on the shores of Lake Michigan, in Chicago, we are told, to see Balbo's twenty-four planes strike the water, just as though aeroplanes had never been seen before. And meanwhile the London Economic Conference fails, the Roosevelt recovery plans tremble in the balance, and the "next war" comes on apace! Of course, as a matter of fact, the multitudes are not plunging with absorbed attention into the study of public affairs. On the contrary, they are running away from these affairs as fast as they can. Bored, and frightened, they want but one thing, and that is an *"escape"*—and sport, flying, murders, scandals, gambling provide precisely what is wanted. This hunger to "get away," plus the persistent bally-hoo of newspapers, movies, and radio, explain all the really important phenomena of our time.

In a recent issue of UNITY, we made comment on General Italo Balbo's flight of aeroplanes from Italy to Chicago as showing the limitations involved in this new art. It was amazing to see the public hysteria over an achievement undoubtedly remarkable but accompanied by such hazards, delays, and accidents as to dampen any but deliberately pumped-up enthusiasm. Now consider General Balbo's return flight to Italy as a still more extraordinary illustration of the inherent defects, or dangers, of air-travel! The Italian squadron left New York on July 25th, and arrived the next day at Shoal Harbor, Newfoundland. Here the seaplanes remained helpless day after day, until on August 4th, after a delay of nine days, the projected route to Ireland was abandoned, and new plans made for a return trip *via* the Azores. The start on this new schedule was not accomplished until Wednesday, August 9th, when a flight of 1,400 miles carried the voyagers to the famed Atlantic islands. The next leg of the journey, 1,100 miles to Lisbon, was darkened by the tragic crash of another of the ships, with one officer killed and three men injured. Total loss—two aeroplanes, two dead, six injured! At last, on August 12th, eighteen days after leaving American shores, the Italian flyers arrived in Rome. A great feat, undoubtedly!—

but, we repeat, a feat accomplished under circumstances which demonstrate how far man yet falls short of conquering the air. In the face of a record such as this, how ridiculous all the talk about the invasion of America, the bombing of New York, and what not, by foreign air-fleets! Imagine loading down these heavy planes not only with their enormous gasoline burdens but with tons of bombs as well, and then expecting them to cross thousands of miles of sea, in wind, fog, and storm! The idea of a European nation crossing the Atlantic, or Japan crossing the Pacific, with airplanes adequate to do us damage in case of war, is as inane as all the talk during the World War of German armies landing on our shores. Yet we expect to hear our militarists using this Balbo flight as an argument for increased defenses for years to come.

Frederick Starr
1858-1933

The death of Dr. Frederick Starr in Tokyo, Japan, on August 14th last, snapped one of the few remaining ties which bind the new UNITY to the old. Dr. J. T. Sunderland and Mr. James H. West are still with us as veterans of the great days of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, but all the rest of the goodly company are gone. For more than a generation Dr. Starr was a staunch friend and accomplished editorial contributor of this paper. His book reviews were for years one of its most distinguished features. His latest article appeared in a recent issue; and, as I write in memory of the dead, whose passing was so sudden, a later still may be on its way to our publication office. So constant was he in his interest, so faithful in his service!

It was ten years ago that Dr. Starr retired from his professorial chair at the University of Chicago at the height of his fame and influence as one of the leading anthropologists not only of this country but of the world. His learning sprang from deep study and exhaustive reading, but even more from personal visitations to various remote parts of the globe which ranked him among the great travelers of his day. His first investigations were among the American Indians, especially the tribes of the southwest. Mexico was for years one of his happy hunting grounds. In 1905 he led an expedition into the African Congo. On this trip he was gone a year, and for six months was not heard from at all. Early on its way the company dwindled to Dr. Starr and a single companion, a Mexican boy, but these two went on, and visited twenty-eight tribes and journeyed twenty-two thousand miles. Later, Dr. Starr spent months of study in Liberia, and in his last years was planning new and extensive work among the aborigines of the African continent.

But his specialty was the Far East—the Philippines, China, and Japan. To these countries Dr. Starr returned again and again. His love for Japan was deep, and his researches among the Ainus, a primitive tribe of that country, among the most elaborate of his career. In course of time he became one of the best known and most popular foreigners in the Mikado's realm, and was not only honored and decorated by the government but rapturously received by the people. His confidence in the Japanese was boundless, and his defense of their policies unremitting. Thus, he was one of the few authorities in these later years who justified Japan's invasion of Manchuria. He contended that this province had never been an integral part of China, and pointed out that twenty centuries ago the Great Wall had been built to separate the two territories. He urged the Chinese people to abandon Manchuria, Mongolia, and Turkestan, and to focus their energies on building up the national unity of their own regions. It was fitting that Dr. Starr should have died in Japan; and tragic that such a friend of that country and his own should have passed at the moment when the two nations are entering upon that undisguised competition in armament which bodes such disaster in the future.

But Dr. Starr was notable not only as a scholar but as a man. He was one of the great teachers of his day. At the University of Chicago, which he joined as early as 1892, he was throughout his career one of the most brilliant and beloved members of the faculty. He stirred an affection in his students which endured through later years, as witness the gift of these students, on his retirement in 1923, of the deed to a home which they had purchased for him in Seattle. He was modest always, unpretentious, quiet. He knew not the meaning of pride or jealousy. He sought no honors, and established no claims for recognition or applause. But there was a geniality which twinkled in his roguish eye, a warmth of affection which radiated from his dancing smile, a loyalty to the personal interests of those who shared the love of learning with himself, which were irresistible. His straight, rotund form, as barren of overcoat or muffler in the cold of winter as in the heat of summer, was one of the institutions, so to speak, of the University. His contempt for snow and ice and biting winds was a phase of that quiet courage which took him, alone and unafraid, into desert wilds and among strange and hostile tribes. To death he gave not a thought. He jovially contended that he would live to be 120 years old. If he was conscious when the end came, I know he was undisturbed, perhaps excited to start on one more thrilling adventure.

Dr. Starr was known widely in many lands. His books and lectures carried his name and influence far beyond the immediate range of his personality. He

never married—his profession was his bride, the world his home, his students his children, and all mankind his friends. UNITY mourns him, and still rejoices in him. While such men live and labor, we cannot lose faith in the destiny of our race.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Snap-Shots of Russia*

The boat moves slowly up the river, and will soon land us in Leningrad. Necks crane out of the port-holes to catch the first glimpses of Russia:—the land of hope and of despair—the land of fabulous wealth and poverty—the land of challenge! Russia—no matter what we think of her, the fact is that we must think something. She is the one country about which everyone has convictions.

There it is in the distance! Leningrad! Smoking chimneys—towers—domes. Once imperial city, home of the Czars—now home of the proletariat. Now the toiler is king, and everywhere is evidence of twentieth century industrialism—and everywhere red flags flying.

As the channel gets narrower, we slow down, and see on all sides—lumber. It seems as if there were miles of logs piled up on the shore. Here is a gang of workmen heaving lumber, with a member of the red army standing behind them. Many of the men are stripped to the waist and show their sun-burned muscles. Some men are loafing on the river-banks, as if this were the old Russia where nothing mattered.

Ships—ships from many countries—flying many flags—all loading lumber. It seems as if the Soviets were exporting on a huge scale, for their great need is money. So logs roll down the rivers, logs come in by the trainloads. The first impression one gets of the port is—activity—trade. The Soviets are doing business!

The whistle blows! We have stopped. And what a strange greeting to a boat load of bourgeois! Are we met with scowls and resentment? Do the people bristle with enmity? Far from it. A Russian band stands on the wharf and hails us with music, welcoming us to this land of contrasts and contradictions.

Passport formalities are quickly over and we set foot on red soil. But it doesn't seem a particle red, for we land in a shop, run by Intourist. Here are furs, jewelry, ikons, pictures, laces, and all the fol-de-rol of capitalist society, including a clean and attractive lunch counter.

But we do not linger here, for we want to see real Russia. We step up to the cars waiting to take us into the town, and I never saw so many Lincolns in my life! Splendid cars, polished and clean, flying red flags, with uniformed chauffeurs, most of whom cannot speak a word of English, but they can certainly drive American, for they rip off the miles at dizzy speed.

At last we are in the city itself, a city which, like Washington, had the advantage of being laid out by a preconceived plan. Its squares are spacious, its main streets wide, its old public buildings are dignified and on a large scale. But today the general impression which a hurried visitor gets is one of poverty—poverty of the people, and decay of buildings. Many streets are still badly paved, or not paved at all. There are broken windows, and a drabness seems to have settled down over everything.

Many Americans are so struck with this general appearance of collapse that they instantly judge the Soviets to be a dismal failure. The difficulty of making accurate judgment is many-fold. They have no previous experience of Russia, and do not realize that the physical conditions of Leningrad are greatly improved over those of a few years ago. They of course judge by Bourgeois standards, which by the Russian ideal are false. And further, they do not sometimes realize that just now the government has important work to do, both industrial and social, and therefore cannot put its emphasis upon aesthetic appearances.

One fact stands out with inescapable clearness: namely, that here in Leningrad a one-class society has all the appearance of achievement. There seem to be no distinctions between rich and poor, for everyone looks poor. This does not mean hungry or desperate, but leveled down to a low economic status. And if there is to be a one-class society, created by revolutionary fiat, it would have to be leveled down, not up. One hundred sixty millions cannot be lifted to the condition of aristocracy or bourgeois in a dozen years. Eventually there may be a leveling up. But not immediately.

The streets swarm with people—it looks as if the city were on holiday, which is partly true, because some of the population takes its day of rest at different times. Every day the streets are swarming. If we were in New York we should say this is unemployment, but not so in Russia! People lined up at the drug stores for kerosene—(there has been a mishap and the city is on a shortage)—people chatting and visiting on the streets—people going places—people of all sorts and descriptions. There is a condition of over-crowding in the houses and homes are not always attractive—so people spend much of their time on the streets.

And the most interesting thing about the people is the children. We are told that birth control is taught by the new government, but the effects are not obvious to the hasty observer. Children dodging crowded trolley cars, children in gutters and on the street, children waving to us by twos and threes, by platoons, by armies! Turn a corner and a new vista of children. And nearly all the boys are stripped naked with the exception of a small loin cloth—a policy advocated by the government. The girls wear a minimum of dress—nearly all are bare-legged and bare-foot. The children are tanned brown as a nut, mostly by sunshine and wind—somewhat by dust which is swirling everywhere. Imagine walking down Broadway or Michigan Boulevard and seeing thousands of boys and girls paddling along the streets nearly naked!

They look like children everywhere—no more undernourished than children of the workers in any land. Some are sturdy, some puny, most are happy.

The faces of the people are intensely interesting.

*First of a brief series of articles on Russia in this summer of 1933. —EDITOR.

The bearded Russian is a myth, for Gilletsky has done his destructive work. He has mowed down the whiskers—forests of them—and has left the Russian face like that of other peoples. There are blond Russians, brunettes, round heads, long heads, there are dozens of nationalities—Europeans, Mongols, Kurds, Georgians, Jews, Tartars. All sorts of expressions one sees as the swarms of people pass by. There goes the image of Tolstoy dressed in white with broad low brow and thoughtful face. There goes the Czar, surely, an aristocratic, sensitive, weak face. See that man staring at us as if we were some sort of mythical animal with horse's head, human body and fish's tail. His eyes pop out of his head with a surprise that almost paralyzes him. Here is a peasant with the dull tragedy of ages of exploitation written on his face. He looks as if he did not know what all this revolution was about. Here are young people in love—university students we judge—holding hands, laughing and looking bravely at this new world. Here are dyed-in-the-wool revolutionaries who view us with contempt and murmur "bourgeois" as we go by. Here are jealous people who long for the luxuries of the Americans, here are shoppers, soldiers, scientists, artists—every sort and condition of people.

The revolution has not done away with differences—nor with differences of character and achievement and occupation. It has leveled them somewhat as far as economic status is concerned, but human nature is as various and multitudinous as leaves on the tree. It is the same everywhere, it is the same nowhere.

So Russian people are not gay, they are not sad, they are not exalted, they are not sullen, they are not despairing. They are still individuals, and, like Shylock, laugh when they are tickled, feel pain when they are hurt, sorrow when their friends die, rejoice when children are born. They look upon the revolution variously as we look upon our political changes. Some rejoice, some shake their heads with doubt, some still grumble and hope for the old times.

Most of all people, the women are interesting to a foreigner. Here we see the greatest difference not only between Russian and American, but between groups of Russians. Here are women with yokes over their shoulders, carrying loads suspended from the ends, pails of water, or heavy merchandise. They look tremendously strong, for nearly all women in Russia go uncorseted, and this gives them the appearance of being more heavy and solidly built than the women of our country. They are accustomed to toil—one can see that at a glance—and many of them today prefer to labor at the heaviest sort of work rather than remain at home. Here they are lined up in platoons laying cobble-stones in the street; brawny women with bare legs and feet. Here they are running trolley-cars which are everywhere jammed to the limit; here they run tractors, there they stand in line for shopping—everywhere they wear the white kerchief over their heads, the dress is of poor material without the ornaments and spangles which decorate the women of Paris or London. Here we see no rouged lips, no purple noses, no crimson fingernails, no dainty fashion-plate ladies, with that boyish figure, tripping, or should we say hobbling along on high heeled shoes.

One feels emancipation among the women,—not all, but many. They, the most backward of all Europeans, have come out from the thralldom of a cruelly paternalistic society, to take their places, shoulder to shoulder with the men. The revolution has meant more to them and to the children than to any others. The social limitations of sex are falling fast. Day nurseries, literacy, industrialism are making their lives a new thing in this great land.

And in every quarter of the city there rise new homes for the thousands who have rushed from the country-side to the city, to join the great army of industrialists whose job is to push the Five Year Plan. The buildings are practically all modernistic — horizontal lines, sweeping balconies, oblong windows at the corners. Such construction economizes space and strips all ornament. It is simple and solid, but when massed in rows is monotonous. There is almost no variation in the architectural plan. But everywhere up they spring,—homes for the people.

Building is so rapid that much of it seems poorly finished. The stucco begins to peel often in a few months, and this is one fact that gives Leningrad such a run-down appearance. Many of the homes, especially in the outskirts, are of log construction, and while this is common in the country, it looks out of place in an imperial city. But they are like barracks—the workers must be housed, the Plan must be accomplished! Beauty must be sacrificed.

But many of the old palaces and churches remain—in fact one marvels that so many remain—considering the philosophy of the Soviets. The Czar's home—the old Czarkoe-Selo, remains intact, and we wander through numberless rooms which are exactly as he and his family left them, even to his desk and family portraits. Here are luxurious furnishings, gilded chairs, rare tapestries, porcelains, pictures and priceless presents from rulers of foreign lands.

What fabulous wealth the old Russia contained, and how much of it is still in the museums of the Soviets. We traveled, open-mouthed with astonishment, through rooms the equal of which we have not seen in any European capital, gold, silver, jewelry! It seemed as if there were enough to pay off the national debt! More gold, silver, jewelry! One grows dizzy looking at it. One feels like shovelling it into trucks, melting it down, and paying for wheat and clothing for the people.

But most of these palaces are turned into rest-homes, sanitoria and parks for the people. Here is one of the many evidences of the proletariat becoming king. He (or they) actually are living in the rooms inhabited by emperors, and the highest nobility of the old regime. Workers—bandaged—sick—tubercular—loll at ease in the homes of the aristocracy. And every where again—the children. Groups of "pioneers" led by teachers are taken through the corridors, being indoctrinated with the wickedness of the old order of things and being made into future shock-troops for carrying out the dream of the Revolution. Children lying in cots on the lawn, sunning their bodies, children drilling and going through their gymnastic exercises in masses. Everywhere—children.

And churches—many of them remain—an astonishing number considering the views of the Party—but they are disappearing rapidly. Some have been torn down to make way for the new building programs, some have been converted into clubhouses and culture

centers. A few remain as museums with all their treasures intact. Services of religion, however, are dying out with remarkable rapidity, and only the old people attend them.

St. Isaac's is perhaps the dominant building in Leningrad—its dome can be seen from great distances, and its huge bulk looms from every quarter of the city. Its fate is perhaps symbolic, for it is now the anti-religious museum. Inside are the magnificent columns of malachite and lapis lazuli, priceless bronze doors, huge figures of ikons with gold and jewel ornaments. But hanging from the center of the dome today there is a tremendously long pendulum which has a swing of perhaps eight or ten feet, illustrating the motion of the earth. Science here reigns supreme in place of the former mysticism of the Greek Orthodox Church. Is this possibly a portent of the future when the tangible and demonstrable will usurp our craving for the unknown, and facts will abolish from human life the cult of the dimly felt unknown? Or is this simply an example of the fate of all culture logs—the inevitable doom of all institutions which fail to keep step with progress of knowledge? Or is it an example of crude materialism which will in time repent and again turn to some more "rounded life, divine, complete"?

And hotels—whence "the weary traveler homeward plods his way" hoping for rest and refreshment? What of them? What of food and drink, about which we have heard such terrible tales? Does the stranger starve on black bread and tea? And does a pampered bourgeois dare to get so far away from pâté de foies gras and malted milk as Russia?

Here was one of our greatest surprises. The hotel in which we stayed was of pre-revolutionary vintage, once beautifully furnished and even today entirely adequate for any reasonable being. Servants everywhere—a uniformed man opens the auto door, "maedchen in uniform" and plenty of them, acting as maids do in New York or Copenhagen, waiters in dress suits laboring to please! We rubbed our eyes and asked: Is this Russia? Is this the city of the Soviets? Is this proletarian revolution?

And the meals! Here was the greatest revelation of all! First caviar, carried around in buckets and ladled out with generous hand. Then fish—some sort of smoked salmon—then another course of fish—and here comes another course. What will it be? Ah! Some fish! Then chicken with several vegetables, bottled sparkling water from the springs in Caucasus everywhere on the tables. Then, lo and behold! the waiters form in procession and carry fancy cakes about the room, accompanied by cheers from the Americans and a pounding from the orchestra! Then ice cream (ye gods!) and coffee! Sounds like the Ritz—and here we are in the land of the one class society.

And did we gorge ourselves on this bountiful feast? We did not! We blush to think what the secret service must have thought of us, but everybody had heard such dreadful tales of Russian fare that nobody dared to more than sample a few dishes. One of the funniest sights I ever saw was to watch the way various people ate (or did not eat) those meals. The man opposite me confined himself to vodka and a cigarette. Another ate bread and cheese and wrote postals. When the caviar came on I ate some bread and when the fish was served I ate some more bread, and when some more fish was served I ate some bread. Then after the meal I did the Gandhi act with four dates and a fig which I had brought over from Helsingfors.

There was enough food untouched at that table to feed a regiment. And it is my fervent hope that it went somewhere to somebody who needed it.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

[To be continued]

Two Men on Golgotha

For Lenin and Gandhi

One shoulder bore the blackened beam
Like a truncheon of command;
And from his face you might have thought
The hardy sword-girt band
Surrounding him were captives had
Been vanquished by his hand.

His features did not even change
At the hill outside the town;
But he laid the beam this side and that
On every soldier's crown
Within his reach, and all such men
Appallingly went down.

The joist was like a gale that hurls
The sea on crumbling dikes,
Until the mounted archers rode
Through shattered shields and pikes
And nailed him to the splintered beam
With shafts instead of spikes.

* * *

He bore the beam upon his back
As though it were a brace
Intended for a cattle-shed,
With as composed a face
As if with fellow-journeymen
He sought his dwelling-place.

His pain through all the sultry hours
That crawled like clogging blood
Seemed most for those who helplessly
Stood near the tortured wood,
And for those men whom he had forced
To work so little good.

Yes, I beheld these two men die,
One fighting, and the other
Forgiving, yet they were as like
As sons of the same mother.
Perhaps they were. I only know
I loved each as a brother.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

Enigma

How can anything no larger
Than a glossy cotton boll
Hold within its emerald calyx
Strength to break a people's soul?

How can anything so fleeting
As a waxen cotton bloom
Seal within its crimson chalice
Servitude of loam and loom?

How can filaments so fragile
As its fibre,—fleecy-white,
Bind the mothers as a fetter,—
Curse the children with its blight!

MARY S. FITZGERALD.

Gandhi and the Empire*

This subject, as well as the title of my recent book, has been inspired by a statement of Mahatma Gandhi's made in the year 1920 in an editorial, in which he said:

> Working under this law of our being (i.e., non-violence, which in its dynamic condition means conscious suffering), it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an unjust empire to save his honor, his religion, his soul, and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or regeneration.

The life of no other man in modern times has been more intimately bound up with the history and destiny of the British Empire than is the life of this half-naked saint of India. For almost forty years he has been in very intimate association with the system that is known as the British Empire. Never once has he declared or exhibited the slightest ill-will toward the British people, but by the same token never has he missed a single opportunity to illustrate his antagonism toward the system that is known as the Empire. In his opposition to the British Empire as an empire first and British second, Gandhi is leading a world revolt against all systems of imperialism. By working toward the destruction of the Empire he is therefore working toward the freedom of the entire human race.

Throughout his long career of over forty years Gandhi has been engaged in the experiment of a quest for truth in his own individual life and in the collective life of his people, and he hopes it may be in the collective life of the entire human race. This has led him to find good wherever it exists even in things evil. In 1915, less than a year after his return from his field of activities in South Africa, where he labored for twenty years in a life and death struggle in terms of passive resistance against the British, at a dinner of the Bar Association in Madras, the majority of whose members were British, Gandhi was the guest of honor and he made the statement that, as "a determined opponent of modern civilization" and as a "patriot"—his patriotism was not exclusive, it included the good of his country and of the entire human race—he could still reconcile himself to the British Empire because, to quote his own words,

> I discovered that the British Empire has certain ideals with which I have fallen in love and one of these ideals is that every subject of the British Empire has the freest scope possible for his energies and honor and whatever he thinks is due to his conscience. I am no lover of government—that government is best which governs least. And I have found that it is possible for me to be governed least under the British Empire. Hence my loyalty to the British Empire.

That shows the caliber of the man. He was perfectly willing to put the most charitable interpretation upon the intrinsic merits of the Empire system.

Despite the bitter experiences and humiliations that he went through in South Africa for twenty years he still made these startling remarks in the year 1915. Not later than two years since that declaration, Gandhi made another famous declaration when he was on his way to visit a territory where the indigo workers were being forcibly employed. The British government banned his entry into that territory and this is what the man who had declared his loyalty to the Empire in 1915 said in 1917:

> I have disregarded the order served upon me not for want of respect for lawful authority but in obedience to the voice of conscience.

Furthermore, the defiance of this man to the British Empire attained its culminating phase in his first speech at the Second Round Table Conference when, addressing the assembled pillars of the Empire, this strange little brown man said:

> Time was when I prided myself on being and being called a British subject. I have ceased for many years to call myself a British subject: I would far rather be called a rebel than a subject. But I have now aspired—and I still aspire—to be a citizen, not in the Empire but in a Commonwealth, in a partnership if possible; if God wills it, an indissoluble partnership but not a partnership superimposed upon one nation by another.

What strange circumstances led a physically insignificant-looking person to assume the position of authority that this particular man is today holding? It is no exaggeration to say that this man is exerting an amount of influence which no man today at this very moment outside of prison bars or within prison bars is exerting upon the thinking of his own people or of the entire human race. What is the secret of this man's power? It is my contention that there is nothing very strange about this man unless you wish to consider it strange for a man to be consistently in quest for the truth. I maintain that given the right circumstances, each individual is interested in attempting the quest for the truth and in translating it into reality.

The Mahatma is the prophetic voice of a new age. In his own life we find certain dominant principles which it might be well for us to study and put into practice in our own lives. In the first place, the remarkable power of this man is derived from the fact that ever since he could do his own thinking he has been interested in experimenting upon life, his own life and the life of his fellow-men, for the purpose of attaining truth. His logic is the logic of the inner soul. Having attained the truth, he feels it becomes the duty of the seeker after truth to live in his own life the values he has discovered to be made up of truth. Truth, Gandhi has said, cannot be realized except in terms of *Ahimsa,* that is to say, in terms of non-violence and love. This is the only medium by which we may attain the truth. If you are a votary of truth, there is no room for hatred in your heart. If you are a votary of truth, there is no possibility for you to embark upon a career of violence in order to attain what you conceive to be the truth.

From a study of Gandhi's life, we discover the principle that it is unbecoming to the dignity of man to acquiesce in the evils that may surround us whether these evils be social, political, economic, international or interracial. As Gandhi puts it, if you see a child crossing the street and if you see that a high-powered automobile driven by a reckless driver is about to hurt the child, if under these circumstances you remain passive, watching the spectacle, you are in a sense an accomplice in the injury that may be inflicted. Your duty under the circumstances is to run to the rescue of the child and to get him out of the danger zone. Gandhi has

*An address delivered at the Community church, New York City. Second of four articles by Mr. Muzumdar on Gandhi and India.

always given his full share to all those causes that demanded his services, and if it were not for his modesty he would go out to serve the entire human race. Gandhi said,

> It would be presumptuous for me to think of serving the human race before I have done my share in serving my own neighbor and my own country.

Having liberated India by the method of non-violent revolution, Gandhi would have automatically rendered the most glorious service to the human race that it is within the power of any man to render in the twentieth century.

From 1894 to 1914, for twenty years, the young man spent the best part of his life almost in a state of self-imposed exile. What was the purpose and what was the result? Gandhi, who had spent three years in London as a law student, who had been received most cordially in the best British families, who had never been made conscious of the fact that because he was an Indian, and thus had dark skin, he therefore was to be branded an inferior person. But when he landed on the soil of South Africa, he was soon reminded that he had dark brown skin and because of this was not to be treated as a human being; that, although he came from one part of the British Empire, in this particular territory, also a part of that empire, he was not to be given the rights of an ordinary citizen. He had innocently accepted the invitation of a Mohammedan Indian firm to take part in certain legal proceedings, and he discovered an entirely unknown situation. So, instead of returning home at the end of the year as his contract called for, the young man decided to remain in South Africa as long as necessary in order to remove this evil. He believed that this evil of discrimination against his people was an excrescence upon the British Empire. During those twenty years he formulated his program of passive resistance. Gandhi himself gave it another name. It may be pointed out that the term "passive resistance" is a contradiction in terms. We prefer the term non-violent resistance.

In the new world, and in the Far East as well as in Europe, during the period of 1894-1914, civilized governments had pinned their faith on the proposition that by building bigger and better armies and navies they would be securing peace for their countries and for the entire world. The rising naval power in Germany, the neck-to-neck race in armaments between Germany and England, the building of bigger and better navies in the United States, Japan, and elsewhere, the increasing armaments of the French people, all these were supposed to guarantee peace. It may be of interest to recall a very pertinent statement made by Gandhi in 1908, when he said: "England and Germany are living in the hall of death." This was six years before the Great War, when your journalists and economists said that war was impossible because of armed guarantees, because of the certain financial ruin entailed by a resort to violent warfare. Violence was the order of the day in the thinking of the people and in the planning of activities by the various governments of the world. During that period of 1894 to 1914 an inconspicuous lawyer with brown skin was carrying out an experiment not based upon violence but upon non-violence in a far-off corner of the world unobserved by the metropolitan press. Gandhi's name was not known in those days. What he did or did not do, did not matter to the newspaper press of the world, yet quietly, forcefully, this man evolved a technique of non-violent resistance. It seems to me that the historians of today have been singularly short-sighted. I have yet to come across a single history of the world that in dealing with events of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century even makes a passing reference to the most momentous event that was taking place in South Africa. Nothing merits more space in a discussion of the world scene of 1894 to 1914 than does this quiet experiment of an inconspicuous young man in far-off South Africa. For upon the success or failure of the experiment that Gandhi initiated in South Africa, that he is today putting into practice on a national scale in India, depends the destiny of the human race. That experiment in the technique of non-violent resistance is more important in terms of the future of mankind than all the statements of the number of ships built by this or that nation, than all the statements regarding the coming into power of this president or that president, this premier or that premier.

Even as in 1914, after two decades of struggle against the British Empire, Gandhi succeeded in compelling that empire to accept his terms and to withdraw from the statute-books of South Africa the statute which discriminated against his people, even so the logical outcome of the campaign that is today being directed in India under his leadership shall be nothing less than a compelling of the British Empire to come to terms with the half-naked saint who is today much greater spiritually than he was in South Africa in 1914. The war that is taking place in India at this moment is not solely the concern of the Indians or of the British people; it is the concern of the entire human race. A militant China, a militant India, a militant Japan, a militant Russia—into the future of such a scene we dare not look. It may mean the end of all that we, in the Occident and in the Orient alike—have built up through the centuries.

In terms of the concrete scene of Gandhi's activities in India, I would point out very briefly two or three significant things. Not a single Britisher in India but recognizes the high spiritual qualities of this great leader. Not a single Britisher in the British Cabinet today who does not recognize the great intellectual powers and the sincerity of this man. Through personal example Gandhi has shown to the British people that so far as it lies in our power we shall destroy the system of the Empire without cherishing ill-will toward that Empire.

In spite of the campaign of non-violent revolution that has been going on since March 12, 1930, when the famous Salt Party was organized, through all the course of India's non-violent revolution, not more than twenty or thirty Englishmen and Indians in the employ of the British Empire have been dealt with harshly. The life of an Englishman is safer in India than it would be, say, in the city of Chicago. This is a remarkable tribute to the fortitude and non-violent attitude of the people of India. There is no better way for them to show their loyalty to Mahatma Gandhi than by refraining from violence. Besides this triumph of the spirit, there are certain

more tangible results of the Gandhi movement to be noted.

First, the prestige of the Empire, upon which it was maintained, has been dragged into the dust. The citadel of the salt monopoly of the British government was broken in 1930 and its capture by the people was ratified by the Gandhi-Irwin truce of 1931 which guaranteed to the people of India the right and privilege to make salt and to distribute it thereafter free from the tax levied by the British Government.

Second, the citadel of the liquor and opium monopoly maintained by the British government has also been assaulted and well-nigh captured. The revenues from opium and liquor have been sharply falling day by day, and it is due to the heroic leadership of Indian women that the British government monopoly of narcotics and alcohol is being so severely dealt with.

Third, the fortress of the foreign cloth monopoly is also considerably battered. Two hundred million dollars used to be sent abroad, chiefly to England, for the purchase of textile goods. There was a time when cotton used to be utilized right there in India by the spinners and weavers of India and all the cloth needs of India were supplied by the people of India. Indians then exported famous muslins and fabrics of India to England and other countries of Europe. This cottage industry of India was destroyed by the British and today the Indians have to depend upon British manufacturers to supply their clothing and textile needs. The very symbol of Gandhi's movement is the spinning wheel. Upon the spinning wheel hangs the *Swaraj* (self-Rule) of India. Two hundred million dollars a year to be saved into the pockets of the starving peasants of India—that's a tidy sum of money!

It is doubtful if mere moral pressure would convert the Britisher to the point of view of the Indian. The unemployment in the various industries of England is in a sense to be traced to the boycott of British goods undertaken by the Indian people. India does not intend to set up barriers of isolation between herself and the British people or any other people, but the boycott today is a war measure (non-violent war as far as Indians are concerned) which may or may not be in effect after the country has obtained its independence from England.

A recent great event in Gandhi's life portrays the significance of his statement that it is possible for a single individual to defy the whole might of an empire and lay the foundation for that empire's fall or regeneration. I refer to "the epic fast," the first of the two recent fasts, the purpose of which was to thwart and checkmate the moves of the British Cabinet to the end of perpetuating Untouchability in the political field as it unfortunately prevails in the social field. Mr. MacDonald intended to set up separate electorates for the Untouchables so that these Untouchables would send only Untouchables as representatives, to be elected by themselves. Hindu reformers have been attempting for decades to break down the barrier of Untouchability. They are anxious to make their Untouchable brothers and sisters forget that they are Untouchables—to make them and make Indians generally feel that there is no difference between the castes.

At the second session of the Minorities Committee, presided over by Mr. MacDonald, November 13, 1931, in a speech reproduced in my last book, "Gandhi Versus The Empire," Gandhi said: "If I am the only person to resist it (namely, the setting up of separate electorates for the Untouchables) I shall nevertheless resist it with my life." Gandhi made good his word. When Mr. MacDonald, in the teeth of the opposition of Gandhi and the Indian nation, and in contravention to the recommendations of the Lothian Committee appointed by the MacDonald Cabinet, declared that separate constituencies would be created for the Untouchables, Gandhi gave him notice that he would embark on a fast unto death. His philosophy demanded that he should sacrifice his very life rather than that he should become a passive party to this sin of perpetuating Untouchability. The British *Raj* gave in. They have assured the Untouchables twice the number of seats that Mr. MacDonald intended to give them. This significant fast of Gandhi deserves to be more carefully thought of than it has been. To me it is second in significance only to the crucifixion of Christ.

When we think of Gandhi versus the Empire, we should think of the drama of soul force versus brute force. The contemporary Indian scene shows the culminating phase of this drama. By successfully working out the Gandhi technique of non-violent resistance, or of soul force, India would show the world a way to peace and brotherhood more concrete and practical than others have suggested. It is on this score that Gandhi's name deserves to be enshrined in the heart of the Indian people, in the memory of the British Empire, in the consciousness of mankind.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

The Study Table

Two Books on Russia

Elias Tobenkin defines the title of his book, "Stalin's Ladder,"* by saying, "What one stood face to face with was an outpost of the Five Year Plan, Russia's, or more properly Stalin's ladder to an industrial millennium." Yet his book is not about the Five Year Plan or its accomplishments. For no apparent reason he entitles the subdivisions of his book, "War, Peace, and Prisons." These do not form a natural trilogy in the present-day Soviet Union. The first part, "War," and the last part, "Prisons," actually represent the material but the part on peace gives us no indication as to what the author means by "peace." This part consists of a list of detailed incidents of individuals who are suffering from injustices of one kind or another, such as the former intelligentsia, and the children of the declassed groups. If he means by "peace" a picture of the civic life, as one naturally assumes after reading the part on "War," then his analysis of civic life becomes nothing more than individual case studies of members of a minority group within the total population.

*"Stalin's Ladder," by Elias Tobenkin. Published by Minton, Balch and Company. $3.00.

He becomes so engrossed in these detailed personal histories that a whole picture of the civic activities of the Soviet Union is impossible. He admits this when he says,

> I cannot pass over a few of the more glaring incidents of the humiliation of men and women from among the deposed classes by some of the more ruthless members of the class now in power, by ignorant or depraved members of the proletariat.

He is by far more concerned with these declassed people than the mass of the proletariat for which Stalin's ladder was set up! This is the sort of material the American public eats up and thoroughly enjoys for no doubt all the incidents are true.

Tobenkin pictures "men and women in every stratum of society (as being) noticeably undernourished and nervous" while the Red Army shows no signs of starvation and wears spotless uniforms with "belts and boots of finest leather." He quotes from a peasant: "to build socialism on starvation rations, to create a paradise for our grandchildren while we are all to give up from ten to thirty years of life for it—that is asking too much from any man who is not Lenin or Stalin." The first statement has been refuted by several writers on Russia, chief among whom is Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, a leading psychiatrist in the United States. (See Jerome Davis's symposium, *The New Russia.*) The second statement concerning the sacrifice of ten to thirty years to create paradise, is ably answered in Dr. Ward's book when he says it is this feeling of building which serves as a powerful incentive not to be found in decaying systems of economy in western countries.

The last part of the book, "Prisons," is interesting but is nothing more than has appeared in countless books on Russia. It is detached and not joined by word or phrase with the other two parts on war and peace nor is it set in the total picture of present-day Russia. Because of his detailed incidents, graphically told, the book provides fascinating reading, almost like a novel.

His lack of understanding of the basis for the new social order being constructed in Russia becomes much more apparent when one follows it by reading Harry F. Ward's book. According to Mr. Tobenkin the average workman would say: "our ruble has no fixed value. It is fifty kopeks one day and ten the next. But even at best we get nothing for it, there is nothing you can buy here. What incentive is there for a man to work?"

Dr. Harry F. Ward writes an impressive volume answering that question. "In Place of Profit"† is unique in being written by a Professor of Ethics who has made studies of incentives under capitalism, but who has combined with that a rare knowledge of economic theory and fact coupled with an understanding of the Marxian dialectical materialism upon which philosophy all Soviet policies rest. Dr. Ward tells us at the beginning of his book that the

> direct economic incentives upon which capitalism depends —the hope of gain and the fear of loss—socialist thinking has always rejected because of their anti-social consequences and their degradation of human nature. Therefore the basic law of the Soviet Union treats them as evil spirits not to be given a resting place, and in practice the Communists refuse to use them.

Some of the most important incentives from the long list given in detail in the book, include: social approval and disapproval; creative attitude toward work; economic security; participation in government through self-criticism, trade unions and cooperatives, social self-expression; improvement of material standards of living; new antagonisms and forms of competition (such as believing that all other countries must be surpassed industrially and are potential enemies of the Soviet Union).

> The Soviet Union (says Dr. Ward) offers satisfaction to ambition only in terms of social service. It offers creative adventure—which many American engineers say is the reason they stay—the chance to pioneer in the improvement of human organization and the wider use of science without any discounts on account of the claims of capitalists. The ladder is abolished. All go up together or none go.

Thus "industriousness becomes a mutual obligation and not a debt owed for wages." The author points out that "an attempt to reduce production costs that starts from the workers will go in the long run much further than one which is originated by management for its own ends."

Dr. Ward's style is not as smooth or as easy to read as Mr. Tobenkin's. It is like comparing a novel to a text book. The fact that the former has used the method of inserting quotations in italics in the body of his material makes it somewhat disconcerting to read. It may not be as popular as "Stalin's Ladder," but it will be studied and restudied by people who are not interested in the popularized versions of factual and philosophical writings.

Dr. Ward continually goes back to the facts and asks why certain policies were adopted, and does not judge the facts alone by a western standard. Some prominent trade unionists of this country have assailed Russia with accusations of forced labor. Yet Dr. Ward points out in his clear picture of trade unions in the U. S. S. R. that some of the leaders were dismissed because "they were drawing collective agreements as though the main function of the union was still to protect the rights of the workers." We are also told that the Central Control Commission of the party made it clear to the unions that they were "to act as the socialist sector of trade and not as a commercial contagion."

To the people who believe the workers of the U. S. R. R. have thrown off one dictator for another, Dr. Ward says that "the class conscious workers have not thrown off the yoke of the exploiters only to put their necks into one fashioned by communist theorists." Thus the arts "for the first time since the early days of human organization are once again developed on their own natural roots in the life and labor of society —from which they were cut off by the rise of the class-divided society."

When Mr. Tobenkin makes the statement that "after fourteen years of communist rule the antagonism between classes—instead of subsiding is on the increase," we catch ourselves asking him for his definition of classes. This point is raised by Prof. Ward, who gives Marx's definition of classes as the "differences between members of society in respect of their social means of production." The wide chasm between the rich and the poor has been nearly closed in the fourteen years of Soviet government and, while there are still differences, they are not to be permanent in the communist society which is to be realized.

The priests and the lay members of the churches denounce the Soviet Union for its godlessness and say that without the incentives of religion no better society

†"In Place of Profit: Social Incentives in the Soviet Union," by Harry F. Ward. With drawings by Lynd Ward. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

can be constructed. Dr. Ward looks upon communism as a religion, and as for the church he calls to mind a "passage at the end of the Bible that forecasts a society in which there will be no church because none is needed."

He satisfies us that even though the Soviet worker's motivation is enhanced by the war-like tempo they are taught to believe is essential, still he thinks it will endure, because "the history of the religious communes in various lands is that they failed to hold their youth in later generations because they crystallized their movement into rule and rote and because the set of the world was away from them." Now, he believes, the set of the world is with the communist movement, and that it is not crystallized into rule and rote but is struggling for real self-government."

When the number of activists in the population has reached the maximum that is possible through the provisions of the best attainable physical inheritance, social environment and training, then the power they will have in their hands will be as near to self-control by the whole of society as it is possible to come.

Dr. Ward ends his brilliant analysis with the note that while faith is needed, it has a two-fold reason behind it:

. . . first, that the masses must see their own interests when once the deceptive veil of capitalistic self-interest is torn from their eyes and second, that the natural interests of the masses are identical with and lead to the greatest good of the greatest number over the longest period of time.

J. B. MATTHEWS.

Jesus Today

Once again we are favored with a book* from the pen of that fearless Methodist preacher, Ernest Fremont Tittle. This time it is the lectures delivered for the Lyman Beecher Foundation for Preaching, at Yale University.

In these reality-grappling lectures, Tittle is at his best, standing in apostolic succession with Amos and Isaiah. He comes to grips with the social implications of religion in a manner that will cause the church to search its conscience. He sounds a note which modern religion has well nigh forgotten, namely the need for sacrifice as the way of life. In his lecture on the necessity of the cross, he rises to great vistas of perspective and prophecy.

Such a volume as this is particularly heartening to the modern preacher; not only does it strengthen his morale, but above all else it helps him to feel the kinship with that growing host of men in city and hamlet who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Much that he says is not new. It is not some new truth that will save the world; but instead the age-old truth reborn in an impassioned soul. As one reads page after page, a silent murmur in the soul persists in repeating, "that's true, *that's true!!*" And when one has laid down the book, one is aware of an intensification of one's deep convictions that religion is the Way, the Truth and the Life!

If one has any criticism to make of the book, it would be that Dr. Tittle has emphasized too exclusively the social aspects of religion. One misses the personal note; for religion, as Whitehead puts it, is what an individual does with his solitariness. To be sure this personal emphasis is present throughout the book by way of implication. But there are times when men and women are struggling to find a technique of the spiritual life because of the personal problems that press them on every side. Of this the vogue of Buckmanism is eloquent testimony. It may be that we shall get so enthusiastic about *men* that we shall forget *man*. Let us not make the mistake of the bishop who was so zealous in his efforts to make men kind to animals, that when he rose from his knees after saying his prayers, he discovered he had crushed his pet cat by kneeling on her!

Let us have another book from Dr. Tittle's pen, this time on that most intimate aspect of the life that we all must live. For such a book we are most eagerly waiting!

W. WALDEMAR ARGOW

*"Jesus After Nineteen Centuries," by Ernest Fremont Tittle. Published by the Abingdon Press. $2.

Correspondence

The Child Problem

Editor of UNITY:

The problem of directing the boundless energies of children becomes increasingly complex. Especially is this true during the summer vacation months. In our larger cities the children of the working and workless classes are living their lives in gloom-shrouded and crowded tenements, hedged around with cheerless stone walls and burning pavements. These children of the poor are our future self-respecting citizens, or our future gangsters and convicts—whichever we choose to make them.

The unwanted children of the street who grow up in stone hells surrounded with viciousness, ignorance and poverty, and eventually become recruits in the vast army of criminals that turns our streets into rivers of blood—these are not criminals; the state (the body politic) is the real criminal and must be brought to justice. Crime is a disease, a maladjustment of the social organism, not of the individual.

The first duty of government is to watch over the health of its citizens, from the cradle to the grave. In this respect, to say the least, our own government has been a miserable failure. It has spent billions of dollars on an obsolete prison system, which has never reformed one criminal; but it never spends a dime for the purpose of eradicating the factories which make criminals—the slums and sweat-shops of the cities. It is spending, at the present time, $238,000,000 on new battleships which, under the modern system of warfare, are as useless to this nation as Victorian styles in ladies' bathing suits; but our rich nation has no money for the building of homes and wholesome recreational centers for the children of the poor. The nation is perishing for want of social vision!

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, says that over 160,000 children of his state are mentally and physically subnormal, due to improper housing and malnutrition—a polite word for slow starvation. "The harm done by malnutrition to the growing youngster can never be overcome," is the dictum of a famous physician. "If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children," says Luther Burbank, "we would now be living in a jungle of weeds."

Dr. John Sundwall of the University of Michigan recently visited Europe with a group of prominent phy-

sicians. Concerning his investigations of child welfare and training abroad, Dr. Sundwall says: "The best nourished and best protected children in Europe are to be found in Soviet Russia. Schools are equipped with clinics, with registered nurses in charge."

We need social engineers to save our children from the jungles of gangsterdom; to save them from murder and rapine, from prison bars and the hangman's noose; from hell on earth, from devils' madness—war!

"He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of human life can possibly give again."—*Phillips Brooks.*

R. J. WESTLAKE.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

Religious Toleration in America

Editor of UNITY:

In one respect, at least, the remarks of Patrick Callahan at the "World Fellowship of Faiths" gathering in Chicago, noted in the July 24 issue of UNITY, convey an entirely erroneous impression, namely, that Cecil Calvert (Lord Baltimore) was the first to establish toleration in religious matters and the separation of church and state in the American colonies.

History shows that Calvert was a faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church and that he wished to establish that church in Maryland. He did not grant especial privileges to Roman Catholics, it is true, nor did he attempt the establishment of the Roman Church in the province, for he knew full well that such action would lead to the speedy forfeiture of his patent. In other words, he was compelled by the over-powering influence of Protestantism to be "liberal."

Roger Williams was the pioneer of religious liberty in America, and to him history has accorded this honor. And yet, if newspaper statements are correct, an effort is being made by adherents of the Roman Church to have the United States Government issue a special stamp, in connection with the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Maryland, commemorative of Calvert and the Catholics as being the first to establish religious liberty in the colonies!

Protestants are sometimes regarded as "easy," if not stupid, with respect to Roman Catholic activities, but it is not believed that the attempt to have our government falsify history by placing its stamp of approval on this outrageous scheme will go unchallenged.

WILLIAM H. PRICE.

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Publicity

Editor of UNITY:

Permit me to take exception to your article on Mrs. Roosevelt in the issue of June 26th.

Eleanore Roosevelt has not courted publicity as the President's wife. She was a public spirited woman, deeply immersed in civic affairs, long before Mr. Roosevelt became our chief executive. As a forceful and independent personality, she no more could content herself with merely being the hostess of the White House than Franklin D. Roosevelt could content himself with being a mere figurehead. That a woman with her diversified interests and activities, who had, moreover, become "the first lady of the land," should be constantly in the limelight, was inevitable.

Let it be noted that Mrs. Roosevelt has never spoken, written or broadcast anything regarding herself or her family. All her public and semi-public utterances were in connection with the activities and causes in which she is interested. Indeed, she has avoided all the pomp and show to which her eminent position entitle her and continues to go about the country without any official escort, just with a companion or two of her own choosing, like any other modern woman citizen. . . .

That Mrs. Roosevelt refused to be interviewed regarding a recent, painful occurrence in her family, is added proof that the publicity which surrounds her is not of the personal, notoriety seeking variety, but an integral part of her rich, busy, useful life.

META LILIENTHAL

Plainfield, New Jersey

Keep UNITY a Weekly

Editor of UNITY:

. . . UNITY is unique and dreadfully needed. If you as editor or the weekly UNITY failed, there would be a real loss and mourning over the whole world. Don't be too quick about this!

SYDNEY STRONG

Geneva, Switzerland

Editorial Note: Dr. Strong is generous, as always. But UNITY can be surely and permanently restored to its regular weekly basis in October only if its friends and subscribers come to its rescue. WE NEED MONEY, *old subscriptions renewed, new subscriptions secured, gifts, donations, support.*—Stand by, or we shall have to do what so many other magazines have done—curtail publication!—J. H. H.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 2)

"What do you pay for a pound of salt?"

"A hundred milrays."

"We pay 40. What do you pay for beef and mutton—when you buy it." That was a neat hit. It made the color come.

"It varieth somewhat, but not much; one may say 75 milrays the pound."

"We pay 33. What do you pay for eggs?"

"Fifty milrays the dozen."

"We pay 20. What do you pay for beer?"

"It costeth us 8½ milrays the pint."

"We get it for 4; 25 bottles for a cent. What do you pay for wheat?"

"At the rate of 900 milrays the bushel."

"We pay 400. What do you pay for a man's tow-linen suit?"

"Thirteen cents."

"We pay 6. What do you pay for a stuff gown for the wife of the laborer or the mechanic?"

"We pay 8.4."

"Well, observe the difference; you pay 8 cents and 4 mills, we pay only 4 cents." I prepared now to sock it to him. I said: "Look here, dear friend, what's become of your high wages you were bragging so about a few minutes ago?"—and I looked around on the company with placid satisfaction, for I had slipped up on him gradually and tied him hand and foot, you see, without his ever noticing that he was being tied at all. "What's become of those noble high wages of yours?—I seem to have knocked the stuffing all out of them, it appears to me."

But if you will believe me, he merely looked surprised, that is all! He didn't grasp the situation at all, didn't know he had walked

into a trap, didn't discover that he was in a trap.

"Marry, I seem not to understand. It is proved that our wages be double thine; how then may it be that thou'st knocked therefrom the stuffing?"

Well, I was stunned; partly with this unlooked-for stupidity on his part, and partly because his fellows so manifestly sided with him and were of his mind—if you might call it mind. My position was simple enough, plain enough; how could it ever be simplified more?

"Why, look here, brother Dowley, don't you see? Your wages are merely higher than ours in name, not in fact."

"Hear him! They are double—ye have confessed it yourself."

"Confound it, I've never denied it, I tell you! What I say is this: With us half a dollar buys more than a dollar buys with you—and therefore it stands to reason and the commonest kind of common sense, that our wages are higher than yours."

He looked dazed, and said, despairingly:

"Verily, I cannot make it out. Ye've just said ours are the higher, and with the same breath ye take it back."

"Oh, great Scott, isn't it possible to get such a simple thing through your head? Now look here—let me illustrate. We pay 4 cents for a woman's stuff gown, you pay 8.4, which is 4 mills more than double. What do you allow a laboring woman who works on a farm?

"Two mills a day."

"Very good; we allow but half as much; we pay her only a tenth of a cent a day; and"—

"Again ye're conf"—

"Wait! Now, you see, the thing is very simple; this time you'll understand it. For instance, it takes your woman forty-two days to earn her gown, at 2 mills a day—seven weeks' work; but ours earns hers in forty days—two days short of seven weeks. Your woman has a gown, and her whole seven weeks' wages are gone; ours has a gown, and two days' wages left, to buy something else with. There—now you understand it."

He looked—well, he merely looked dubious, it's the most I can say; so did the others.

"But—but—ye cannot fail to grant that two mills a day is better than one."

Shucks! Well, of course, I hated to give it up. So I chanced another flyer:

"Let us suppose a case. Suppose one of your journeymen goes out and buys the following articles:

1 pound of salt;
1 dozen eggs;
1 dozen pints of beer;
1 bushel of wheat;
1 tow-linen suit;
5 pounds of beef;
5 pounds of mutton.

"The lot will cost him 32 cents. It takes him thirty-two working days to earn the money—five weeks and two days. Let him come to us and work thirty-two days at half the wages; he can buy all those things for a shade under 14½ cents; they will cost him a shade under twenty-nine days' work, and he will have about half a week's wages over. Carry it through the year; he would save nearly a week's wages every two months, your man nothing; thus saving five or six weeks' wages in a year, your man not a cent. Now I reckon you understand that 'high wages' and 'low wages' are phrases that don't mean anything in the world until you find out which of them will buy the most!" —*C. E. Smith.*

New Haven, Conn.

For September-October

The New Humanist

HARRY ELMER BARNES

asks

Has History Value to Humanism?

Also

IRVING BABBITT AND HIS FUNDAMENTAL THINKING
by Alexander P. Cappon

CAN ROOSEVELT SOCIALIZE AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY?
Roland R. Renne

The Philosophy of the Sciences
Maynard Shipley

What the Manifesto Lacks
George R. Dodson

Scientific Method in Haydon's Religion
Gabriel Rombotis

When Physicists Philosophize
Arthur E. Murphy

THE NEW HUMANIST One dollar a year
Bi-monthly
Foreign $1.25
105 S. Dearborn Street
Chicago

"There is valuable material in this journal which I do not find elsewhere."
John Dewey.

NIGHT SHALL PASS

By Henry E. Swensen

Vital Poems of Social Vision

Foreword by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney

"An enduring contribution," by Etta Josephine Murfey in Unity.
"His poems reveal vision and power."—Thos. C. Clark of Christian Century.

Enlarged Attractive Paper Cover Edition, 50 cents

Poetry Publishers, 529 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Fail to Read These Booklets!
Just Off the Press

Let's Be Square: Checkmating Russian Ballyhoo
(An exposé of some recent articles published about Russia)

Bugaboos: Facts About Popular Superstitions
(Looking into the origins of popular superstitions)

5 Cents Each (Postage 1c extra per copy)

Written and Published by

Russell Wright, Forest Avenue, Hammond, Indiana